

HOW TO REFORM MERE MAN.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.



THE National Federation of Women's Clubs has decreed that man must be uplifted intellectually and morally, and that the task of elevating him is to be undertaken by his wife.

Only last week a young reader wrote me asserting that man as a sex is perfect, or, if he isn't, his imperfections are entirely due to contact with debasing womanhood. Ever since the first woman—that is, since the period in our Mother Eve's existence when she decided to investigate the apple industry—the adventures of each sex have been endeavoring to uplift the other. It is at once so much easier and more satisfactory to remove the more in our husband's eye than to look after the beam in our own that it's amazing poor man has up to the present time been so little uplifted. In the last hundred years, however, we have seemingly been endeavoring to make up for lost time in his reformation, and if all the power of feminine clubdom is to be exerted in his behalf I fear he has a very uncomfortable quarter of a century ahead of him.

Before we attempt his latest renovation, however, let us consider what the effect of it may be.

All reform movements from without will paralyze any tentative uplifting movement that might possibly stir in his own breast. You know how that is yourself. If some one tells us we have to do better or differently our minds at once set in solid though imaginary cement, and it becomes absolutely impossible to bend them in the desired direction. But if we set out to improve ourselves it is barely possible that we may accomplish something.

It may be that we occupy a moral attitude which might enable us by concerted effort to improve the moral tone of our husbands present or to come. But the idea that we could uplift them intellectually is presumptuous, to say the least.

An individual wife may have more brains than her husband, but generally speaking, if as wives we hardly equal the intellectual status of our sterner halves we are doing very well indeed.

Man has made a specialty of his brain for several thousand years, while we have just woken up to ours. We have certainly done wonders with it, but we can't afford to be patronizing just yet.

But soon? Perhaps. But meantime let us wear our honors modestly and not be too proud of an intellectually based exclusively perhaps on reading a 35-cent magazine instead of the 1-cent daily that supplies mere man with food for thought. The only way to "uplift," "manage" or otherwise influence mankind when they need it is summed in the injunction to Little Bo-Peep when she lost her sheep:

"Leave them alone
And they will come home,
Wagging their tails behind them."

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

THIS letter, signed "Anxious Winnie," is printed here in full, as it may be helpful to those young women who, with much faith in humankind and little knowledge of the world, have placed themselves in a similar predicament:

"I made the acquaintance of a young man through sending illustrated postals. We have corresponded for more than six months, and I feel that he is my ideal. I am a sensible, young lady of twenty-three, and am not silly or romantic, but I really love this young man with all my heart. He has asked me to become his wife, but as he lives in Indiana, I feel timid about going to a place I know nothing about. Shall I go out West and marry him?"

"ANXIOUS WINNIE."

Winnie is certainly romantic, for I take it that she has not seen the young man at all, but has simply got a husband by correspondence, so to speak. She evidently knows very little about him, except from the letters he has written her, and letters, as we all know, can be copied out of the "Complete Letter Writer," and give to the reader no more of our personal individuality and character than a perusal of last year's calendar.

Under no circumstances go as far away as Indiana, Winnie, without some knowledge of the man you are going to marry. I don't want to warn your faith in human kind, but how do you know that he isn't married already? If you were going to invest your savings in some business you would naturally want a security for your money—in fact, you would want references given by a reliable person.

Your future is of more importance than your money, and yet you are contemplating flinging it away on a venture like this!

Stay in New York, Winnie, and trust a man to find a way to get here if he loves you sufficiently, or else to find some means other than illustrated postals of conveying to you the integrity of his own character and intentions. A postal card, be it ever so pretty, is hardly a thing to marry on, and a husband by correspondence might prove an expensive and disastrous experiment.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to BETTY VINCENT, Letters for Lovers, should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World Post-Office Box 154, New York.

Girl Is His Senior.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man keeping company with a young girl ten years my senior, and she is very handsome. I saw her with another young man. I asked her about it, and she denied it. I love her very much, and I do not know what to do. Please advise me.

W. F. B.

The young woman cannot truly love you or she would not be willing to deceive you. And you would better try to turn your affections elsewhere.

Youthful Infatuation.

Dear Betty:

I AM a girl of seventeen, and in the same office with me is a man of forty whom I love dearly. He laughs and talks with me two or three hours at a time, but never once talks of love. He calls me by my first name. Would it be right for me to tell him of my love or not?

A. J.

Under no circumstances tell the man of your feelings toward him. He may be merely friendly, and you would be ashamed and distressed if you found that your youthful infatuation had led you to overstep the bounds of conventionality.

A Widow's Love.

Dear Betty:

I AM a widow of fifty-six and have had a young man of twenty-five years paying attention to me for five years. We have been dear friends. He has no one near to him in the world; neither have I. He is an old-fashioned young man and likes the society of people very much older than himself, and I am much younger than he in every way. I have no gray hairs, wrinkles nor crows' feet; have rosy cheeks and a fair skin, dark hair.

and blue eyes and a very youthful figure. I pass for thirty. Do you think it would be advisable for me to marry him? He knows my age, but he will be old long before I. I have a friend who is forty-five and she has been married five years. Her husband is twenty-eight. Their home is perfect and their love for each other is divine.

There have been many happy marriages between men and women of like disparity in years, but it is a frightful risk to take. The following letter, just received, picked below from D. L. C. should be a warning. I am a young man almost twenty years and have been going to see an old maid of fifty-five for the past six months. This dear friend I speak about is very rich. Do you think I should marry her? I think she will drop off in a couple of years, which will leave me a very rich man.

D. L. C.

I am sorry not to be able to warn D. L. C. intended wife against him, for the utter heartlessness of his letter makes it obvious that he will never be able to make any woman happy.

Danced with Another.

Dear Betty:

I AM eighteen, and am deeply in love with a young lady. While at a dance one night last week I danced with another girl, and she got mad, and another fellow took her home. I have written several letters to her since, but have got no answer. Do you advise me to keep writing or do you think I'd better drop her?

J. W.

If you have written and apologized, the young girl will relent if she really cares for you.

She Is Lonely.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady twenty years of age. I go out very little, as my parents are old when I do. Do you think it is right? I think I am old enough to take care of myself. My lady friends go out more and have young men. Please advise me what to do.

LONELY.

Can you not arrange to have young men friends call on you at your home, or to find some young people of whom your parents will approve?

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Yellow Neck.

ANXIOUS S. S.—Have you ever tried washing your neck with aloe? It will remove the yellow cast without further remedy. I will give you a formula also for the couple: Take fresh cucumber, boil for five minutes, and for every five ounces of juice add: Pulverized borax, 15 grains; acetate of soda, 10 grains; tincture of opium, 31-2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 4 drams; rose water, 1 pint. Mix thoroughly and apply two or three times a day until the stain is removed.

Wants to Look Pale.

P. G.—Try this bleach. But I think you make a mistake to deprive yourself of health's essential glow: Thirty grains of pulverized borax dissolved in 2 1/2 ounces of lemon juice makes a lotion that is very effective in keeping freckles in abeyance, where it agrees with the skin. It should be applied at night after the face has been thoroughly washed and rinsed.

Bad Case of Eczema.

SUFFERER—Yours is evidently a case of eczema and I would advise your getting the advice of a physician. You might try, however, applying this ointment: Salicylic acid, 1 gram; oxide of zinc, 6-8, powdered starch, 6-8, lanolin, 20 grains, vaseline, 10 grains. Apply at night.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win!

By George McManus



Tabby Talks.



GOD morning, dear. "Good morning, darling." "What is the matter? You look positively ghastly this morning. Perhaps it's that hat, though you say it's new. I thought it was your last summer's hat trimmed over." "Oh, this is just a little hat I picked up at Mrs. Lucia's."

on Fifth avenue. You really ought to visit some of the good shops, dearest, and learn what the new and exclusive styles are."

"Why, dear, I saw two hats just like yours in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the other day. What are you smiling at?"

"You poor, dear thing. Two hats like mine! I don't think you would find two \$35 hats like this running around One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. You dear thing! You simply must learn how to tell a French model hat when you see one and not make those frightful breaks."

"Yes, dearest, but such a comical

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Trio of Querles.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My grandfather and my great-grandfather were both married at 21. My father married at 23. My grandmother was married at 16, my mother at 18. Now in the present time men rarely ever marry before 25 and often not before 30, while women marry seldom before 22. Why this advance in age, readers? People live no longer than then. Why marry later? Of old, an unmarried woman of 35 was an old maid. Now, at 25, she is merely a unmarried girl and still has chances. Who can give a logical reason for these changes? Also why does a man's hair turn gray before his beard? NETTIE L.

"Sacred Grass."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why is the grass on the south meadow in Central Park sacred? To look upon the lawn is in fine condition, except two or three spots where the May parties emptied the salt from the ice-cream freezers. Yet I understand it is now closed to the public. Why so, all the other lawns being open? In Brooklyn's Prospect Park the lawns are open the year around for baseball, croquet and lawn tennis. Why not in Manhattan? TAXID.

Transfers for Every One.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Approved of your editorial in re "Transfers." I suggest that everybody ask for a transfer, whether it is wanted or not. It would not only be a good joke on the traction company, but also a highly effective obstacle to its present arrogant attitude. R. J. E. H.

The Working Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The letter of O. S. who says she works all day and is forbidden to be out from 7 to 9 P. M., aroused my indignation. Of course, she is entitled to her evenings to do with them as she pleases. Her father has no right to dictate how they shall be spent. What do readers think? H. C. A.

THE FOOLISH LIFE.

By R. W. Taylor.



HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Strawberry Meringue.

CRUSH two cups of strawberries with one cup of powdered sugar and press through a fine sieve to remove the seeds. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, adding gradually a small cup of powdered sugar, and then by degrees add the strawberry juice. Continue beating until it stands in peaks. Make a soft-boiled custard with the yolks of the eggs, four tablespoons of powdered sugar, and one and one-half cups of sweet milk. Cook in a double boiler until as

Salted Dandelions.

WASH them ready to cook, and drain very little, put a sprinkling of salt in bottom of earthen jar and a layer of dandelions until the jar is full. If you do not fill it at first it will do no harm. Keep them weighted down, and after a day or so the brine will cover them. There is no particular rule

Bride's Cake.

RUB three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream and then, beat in gradually three cups of powdered sugar. Sift together three times two-thirds of cup of cornstarch, three cups of flour and two large teaspoons of baking powder and add to the creamed mixture alternately with a cup of sweet milk. Flavor with a teaspoon of lemon or peach, fold in

THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: The Worthlessness of Wise Warnings.



WITH every occupation in life, even the most congenial and best suited to us, comes at varied intervals a reaction and a protest.

The various "correspondence schools" flourish on this foundation. Every man who does work of his hands or brains firmly believes he could do something else better.

"Are you a counter jumper?" say the advertisements. "Then jump over the counter."

"If you are a bricklayer, a day laborer, a street-car driver or an ill-paid clerk, glance over this list of well-paying professions; pick out what you would wish to be—doctor, lawyer, merchant, engineer—send us \$1 down and \$1 a week and we will fully equip you with brains and experience to take a better position in the world in our course of twenty-five lessons."

While it is true that the more parasitical a profession is, the less it does to create or add to the world's supply of buildings, clothes or bread and meat, the higher paid are its successful exponents, yet it is the ones who are so engaged who are the most dissatisfied.

All the artists, writers, actors, mind-readers and the like could be transported out of the country, and the country, from a materialistic point of view, would be better off.

And yet the successful among these earn more in a day than the worker—the builder, the digger, the farmer—earns in a month.

And yet ask them and they will advise you to "keep out of this business."

There is no man but who thinks he could do better at something else. Opportunity offering, he tries to do something else.

Some years ago a young man complained to Senator Platt about his wild desire to get in another business besides the one he was in.

This was before the day of the muck-raker, when, aside from the petty shafts and stings of rival politicians, the Senator's way was seemingly smooth and prosperous.

Said the wise old Easy Boss: "You are undergoing the invariable reaction that comes to every man. It comes to me. There are times that I am firmly convinced that I threw away my career by going into politics and the express business."

An artist, a doctor, a newspaper man, a preacher will all solemnly asseverate that "the brains and energies wasted in doing my work that brings me small fame and smaller gains would make me a towering instance of well-deserved success in other fields of endeavor."

They forget their compensations—the freedom from discipline and restraint, the fact that they are not slaves to detail that would drive them mad in commercial houses or the practical industries.

And the professional man envies the merchant and manufacturer, and the manufacturer and merchant envies the care-free professional man.

There is success in every field of endeavor, providing you do your work, no matter what that work is, better than others in the same line do theirs. St. Alphonsus Liguori, the patron saint of workmen, said:

"Success in life is not for the man who does extraordinary things ordinarily, but for the man who does ordinary things extraordinarily."

Do your own work better. You would do some one's else worse.

Race Track Rhymes by Barnes.

No. 1—The Ladybug.

I.
LITTLE Miss Muffett
Sat in the grand stand,
Eating some chocolate creams:
Then right alongside her
A tout sat, and tipped her:
"Bofed Boef will win in a walk."

II.
Little Miss Muffett
Took her two dollars
And put it all down on Bofed Boef;
When it was all over
She took out her kerchief
And cried it clear full of hot tears.

III.
Little Miss Muffett
Hadn't a nickel
To pay her way home on the train;
A kind lady loaned her
Enough to get back on—
She vowed she would go there no more.

IV.
Little Miss Muffett
Went to the races
At 12:35 the next day;
She'll go there all summer
And lose all her money—
Miss Muffett's a regular now.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

NO other suit quite takes the place of this simple one made with blouse and knickerbockers. It is so loose and comfortable that the boy can enjoy the active life to his heart's content without feeling in the least hampered, while it is always trim and becoming. In the illustration it is made of natural colored linen, simply finished with stitching, and is closed with buttons and button-holes, but linen in white and all colors, chambray and all similar materials are appropriate for the warm days, while light-weight serge and flannel are liked for the cooler weather.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 3-3/4 yards 27, 2-7/8 yards 35 or 2-5/8 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern 5386 is cut in sizes for boys of four, six, eight, ten and twelve years.



Boys' Blouse Suit—Pattern No. 5386.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.